

# Evening Bulletin

With which is Incorporated the "Independent."

VOL. 1. NO. 145.

HONOLULU, H. I., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1895.

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## THE Evening Bulletin

With which is incorporated the INDEPENDENT.

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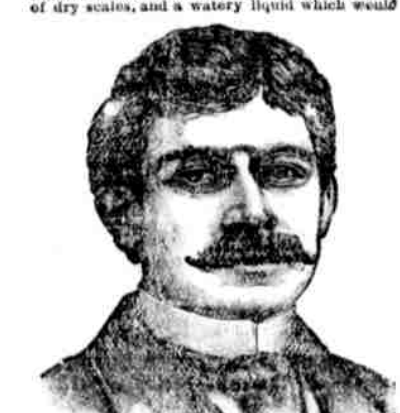
## SKIN DISEASE

CURED BY

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Mr. Geo. W. Burnier, Keelstown, Va., writes, as follows:

"Shortly after leaving college, I was troubled with a skin disease which showed itself, first, at the ankles. Physicians pronounced it eczema, and treated me for that complaint. The eruption crept slowly up my limbs, and on the body, until it enveloped the whole frame. It gave me infinite trouble with constant itching, scaling, and of dry scales, and a watery liquid which would exude from under the scales. I treated it for over three years unavailingly, and was unable to check it, until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I used three bottles of this medicine and was completely cured—my skin becoming as smooth and clear as before."



Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Has Cured Others, Will Cure You

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Hollister Drug Co., Ltd.

Sole Agents for the Republic of Hawaii.

## Something Interesting!

### Imports of Champagne Into the United States,

FROM JAN. 1ST TO JUNE 1ST, 1895.

Cases.	
G. H. Mumm & Co.'s extra dry.....	30,831
Pommery & Greno.....	11,708
Moet & Chandon.....	9,608
Heidsieck & Co., (dry Monopole).....	7,501
Louis Roederer.....	3,438
Ruinart.....	3,136
Perrier Jouet.....	3,286
Irroy & Co.....	1,785
Vve. Clicquot.....	2,378
Bonche Sec.....	992
Delbeck & Co.....	728
St. Marcoux.....	334
Krug & Co.....	270
Chas. Heidsieck.....	355
Various.....	5,419
Total.....	\$1,859

COMPILED FROM CUSTOM HOUSE RECORDS.

Macfarlane & Co.,

Sole Agents for G. H. Mumm & Co.

for the Hawaiian Islands.

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## REV MACKINTOSH A VICTIM

THE WIDOW OF LUKE McSHANE NOT DEAD.

A Shrewd Native Woman in the Role of a Confidence Swindler—Who Was She?

Yesterday's BULLETIN contained an item to the effect that the widow of the late Luke McShane had died at Ewa on Saturday and had been buried on Sunday. It has since been ascertained that the story is not true and that the lady is alive and well. There is a story behind the report which might need investigation by the police.

On Saturday evening a native woman called at the residence of the Rev. Alex. Mackintosh and asked to see that gentleman. She told him that her name was Elizabeth and that she was a sister of Lilia, the widow of Louis McShane and had come direct from St. Andrew's Priory to see him. Mrs. McShane was dead and she had come up to Honolulu to procure a coffin for her. The coffin cost \$14, but she could raise only \$10 of the amount. Would Mr. Mackintosh let her have the other \$4. Mr. Mackintosh asked her how she was going to get the coffin to Ewa and she replied that a number of natives were in readiness to take it down. The clergyman put his hand in his pocket and gave the woman \$5 without another word. When Luke McShane died he left an insurance of \$5000, which estate has been cared for by Mr. Mackintosh for the widow and six children. On leaving, the woman asked if she should send the six children to Mr. Mackintosh's residence. He said no, but that he would go down to Ewa on Monday and see about them. The woman then left.

On Sunday afternoon the telephone rang at Mr. Mackintosh's residence and upon being answered a voice said: "This is Charley McShane at Ewa. We have just buried mother." Whatever misgivings Mr. Mackintosh might have had were quieted by the telephone message, and he told the boy he would leave for Ewa on the 11 o'clock train and asked the boy to meet him at the depot. It so happened that there was no 11 o'clock train, and Mr. Mackintosh did not go. Instead he telephoned to the deputy-sheriff. That officer was not there but his wife answered the telephone. Mr. Mackintosh told her he had mistaken the time of the departure of the train and would she be kind enough to tell him about Lilia's children and the death of their mother. The answer came that she was not dead. To make sure the woman went to the house and ascertained the fact for herself and again telephoned to Mr. Mackintosh who then realized that he had been victimized.

The red Charley McShane upon being questioned denied sending any message whatever through the telephone.

The whole affair is somewhat mysterious, as the woman who called on Mr. Mackintosh evidently had one or more confederates. What their ultimate object was, unless they had some hazy idea of getting hold of the insurance money, can only be conjectured. It is doubtful if the swindler will be captured, as Mr. Mackintosh did not pay much attention to her personal appearance.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Will Play Football on Thanksgiving Day.

The Honolulu Athletic Association met last night and elected officers for the next six months,

viz: Chas. Crane, president; Dave Crozier, vice-president; H. Hapai, secretary; Vida Thrum, treasurer; managing committee, Cupid Kalamianoole, George Angus and Ruby Dexter.

George Clarke, Isaac Cockett, L. Say and T. Cummins were elected to membership.

The treasurer reported that he was \$110 ahead, with no outstanding bills.

It was decided to organize two football teams from the club members, under the captaincy of Carlos Long and Louis Singer, to play on Thanksgiving day.

Messrs. Crozier, Chas. Crane and George Angus were appointed a committee of three to revise the constitution of the club, rendered necessary by the introduction of bicycle racing in the athletic contests of the club.

## "DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED."

A Short Chapter on Fools.

(By "THE OWL.")

"A gun is always loaded." This is an American expression. The man who originated it probably knew what he was talking about. New South Wales produces as many fools to the acre as any country in the world. Perhaps the biggest fool in the category is the one who looks down the muzzle of a loaded gun. Why people do this sort of thing must remain in a mystery until the end of time. Judging by newspaper reports, the most fashionable way of "testing the range and penetrative powers" of your gun is to put the muzzle against a friend's ear, or apply it to the pit of his stomach, and then start monkeying about with the trigger. When you are summoned to the inquest, you simply plead "didn't know it was loaded," and get acquitted without a stain on your character. It is a right and proper thing to send a message of condolence and a wreath to the widow. In fact, it might be considered a breach of etiquette not to do so. Nevertheless it would be like a certain branch of cocoa—grateful and comforting—if every fool who plays with loaded firearms spread his own brain in gorgeous profusion about the ceiling or over the back yard, but as a rule the fool manages to kill and wound the inoffensive public instead of himself. If ever a man points a loaded gun at you and you should give him in charge for being illegally at large, stun him with a brick, and jump on him two or three times before going for a constable. It will do him good.

Never keep loaded firearms on the premises. The inspired idiots of our community do not seem to be proof against that temptation. If you happen to have only gunpowder or cartridges in your possession, the safest plan is to drop them down a well. Otherwise, the servant girl will be certain to use them for lighting the fire some damp morning. Never give cartridges to any of your fool friends; never let any professional imbeciles see or handle them. If you do, someone will speedily be in the hospital getting shot or bullets grabbed out of their anatomy. If not, in the hospital, they will be found in care of the nearest and cheapest undertaker.

It is remarkable what attractions loaded cartridges have for growing children. In nine cases out of ten if a youngster discovers one of his first desire is to find a fire or a hammer or a sharp-pointed stone to let the inside of that cartridge out with. Numbers of young men all over this intelligent continent have been unable to complete their education through a chance interview with a cartridge. This is a good thing for the manufacturers of explosives, but pans out badly for those who are called upon to support the maimed and wounded.

The sporting youth of this country have a frisky little habit of trailing cocked and loaded guns after them when getting through wire fences. After the inquest their sorrowing friends can generally tell you all about "how it happened."

Hare drives are productive of great mortality amongst those who take part in them.

Festive parties who go out in the balmy morn should always be provided with shutters for the easier removal of the killed and injured. I never knew how nice and comfortable the Ancient Crusaders must have felt in their winter suits of chilled steel until I attended an up-country hare drive. It was a highly successful and enjoyable hunt, but I spent the best part of the afternoon hunting for a grain of buckshot that an enthusiastic sportsman had fired into the calf of my leg at short range. I think it was the Presbyterian cemetery that we buried the other Sydney visitor in. Most of the local people who took part in the drive were interred in the Church of England burying ground.

I have heard it said that Australians are the best marksmen in the world. From the way they manage to kill one another in the open field I am inclined to believe that there is a large measure of truth in the assertion.

There is one piece of advice, however, that I would like to give to those who are not accustomed to the use of firearms, who have never been educated as to the responsibilities attached to the handling of such weapons. It is this—Before using send for the undertaker. If that business-like maxim is followed up it will save a lot of subsequent inconvenience, and prevent probable delay.—*Sydney Bird of Freedom.*

## THAT NEW WOMAN.

And How I Tricked Her. A True Story of a Dinner.

I didn't quite catch her name when old Shaw presented me to her, and I must have shown it by staring rather blankly, for as we passed into the dining-room he leaned back and whispered something, but it was lost in the buzz of hungry conversation, and I sat down to dinner without the faintest idea as to who she was, and I doubted if she knew me. But not for long. She began:

"How did you like the Ibsen performances?"

With that my heart fell. She didn't know me, and I was in for it.

"Oh," said I, rather nonchalantly, but full of trepidation, for I wasn't sure whether Ibsen was a new acrobat, or a painist, or what. You can never tell where these London women are going to break out next, anyhow. "O! I didn't care for him. A little too much, don't you think?"

"Yes," she acquiesced, "he is very strong."

I thought it was an acrobat. Ever since Sandow was in London they've been crazy over 'em.

"Too much muscle on his neck," said I, at a venture.

"What a queer way to put it. Tell me, is that a new expression?"

She took a little tablet with a gold pencil attached from somewhere and prepared to write. "You see," she said, "I am making a list of unusual idioms, colloquialisms, and bits of slang. I intend, some day, to trace their growth, development, and passage into general use. 'Too much muscle on his neck.' I think that most expressive and full of connotation. It might be applied with equal appropriateness to parts of Browning, and I think it describes Sudermann perfectly." As she proceeded with this, I could feel my appetite slipping from me. I gulped at a glass of wine, and was dimly conscious that there was no escape. She went on: "It has

just flashed on my mind. I think I've traced the origin of it already. 'The origin of what?' said I, a little wildly.

"The expression 'Too much muscle on his neck.' It must be derived from a conjunction of the two very common phrases, 'To have a thing on the brain, and I was getting it in the neck.' When I emerged from the mazes of this thought she was holding an animated conversation, as she thought, with me, but reality with herself. "Do you know," she was saying, "this is quite the most interesting expression I've run across in some times; its perfectly evident connection with the two I've mentioned, added to the elusiveness of that connection, makes it in many respects the most important and interesting on my list."

"I am very glad to have been able to give it to you," said I, with a ghastly attempt at looking pleasant.

"But tell me," she went on, having put away her tablet, "which do you really think he is best in, 'The Pillars of Society' or 'The Master Builder'?"

"Who?" said I absently. I had forgotten all about the acrobat.

"Why, Ibsen."

"Oh, yes; Ibsen." I laughed nervously. "Why, I think he was better in 'The Master Builder.' That is a much better test of pure strength. The 'Pillars of Society' is a mere trick. Salvini did the same thing in 'Samson,' and he was nothing but a big, soft Italian."

"I quite agree with you regarding the strength in 'The Master Builder,' but I don't quite understand your other comparison," she said.

I didn't understand it myself, and I didn't see how she expected to. I suppose, of course, the 'Pillars of Society' and 'The Master Builder' were the names of acrobatic acts, and I simply bluffed about Salvini in 'Samson,' as 'The Pillars of Society' sounded about like the scene where he pulled the temple down about him. It was to change the subject. That was plain. So with cool irrelevance I asked, "Have you read 'Chimmie Fadden'?" It was an immense relief to find that she followed the diversion.

"No," she replied; "I have little or no chance to read ordinary biography. I am engaged this winter almost entirely on the history of slang, and what time I have aside from that is devoted to the Browning and Walt Whitman Clubs and the Christian Science Circle; besides, I take two courses at the Women's College—one on Dante, the other on the Town Tax during the Middle Ages; so you see I have little time for outside reading."

"Yes," gasped I, "I see."

An hour later I was reviving, with the aid of one of old Shaw's cigars and a glass of cognac.

"Tell me," said I, "that Miss—what's her name? She's some sort of a new woman, isn't she?"

"I guess not," said old Shaw.

"We've had that kind in Australia ever since I can remember."

"Indeed?" I remarked, vaguely.

—*Bird of Freedom.*

In order to impress upon your mind the fact that the Seattle Brewing and Malting Co's beers are Mild, Light and Lively, we below give the average per cent of alcohol in various liquors in comparison:

"Rainier" Beer.....	3.4 per cent
"Olympic" Beer.....	3.4
Ale.....	7.4
Cider.....	8.6
Claret.....	13.3
Whisky.....	54.0

On draught at the Criterion.

Mechanics' Home, corner Hotel and Nuuanu streets, lodging by day, week or month. Terms: 25 and 50 cents per night; \$1, and \$1 25 per week.

## IN THE POLICE COURT.

RECORD OF TWO DAYS PROCEEDINGS.

An Unusual Number of Offenders Present This Morning—Various Misdemeanors Convicted.

In Judge Perry's court yesterday afternoon Iona Kikakahi and J. P. Spencer, arrested for an affray, forfeited their bail rather than stand trial.

Haleakala, for trespassing on C. A. Brown's premises, got 60 days on the reef and had to pay the costs of his arrest.

Wally Davis and the boat boys arrested with him when a lot of opium was found in his possession were put on trial. Davis was convicted and the charge against the others was dismissed. In his own defense Davis testified that he had no knowledge of the opium whatever, and that he had had no dealings with any of the people on the Olympia with the drug. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$250 and has appealed his case to the higher court.

At this morning's session an array of fourteen Japanese were present to answer for creating a street affray last night, but their cases were put over to the 7th.

Ab Tam pleaded guilty of having opium in possession and was given the usual fine of \$50 and costs. Sit Nee and Leo Chong, arrested at the same time, were discharged.

C. H. White, arrested for assaulting officer Needham during the Japanese street riot last night, pleaded not guilty and his trial was set for the 7th.

Chock Kim, who is under arrest for appropriating a silver watch and chain valued at \$25, pleaded not guilty and will be tried tomorrow.

Pohano is on trial this afternoon for fraudulently converting to his own use the sum of \$10, which was intrusted to him to pay over to another party.

The trial of J. Ewing and William Perry for an affray was also to come off this afternoon.

## PARCELS POST.

Treaty Concluded for an Exchange With New Zealand.

By the S. S. Warrimoo Postmaster General J. Mort Oat received back, signed, the Parcels Post convention which he sent to the New Zealand Government last July. It contains a condition that parcels to or from other Colonies with which New Zealand has parcels post exchanges will be passable.

## She is a Monster.

Salinas Index: William Bruce of Tulare county has a 5-year-old Durham cow weighing 2042 pounds. As Durham cattle grow until 8 or 9 years old, it is a matter of guess how much that cow will weigh when she gets her growth.

## No Divorces Granted.

The constitutional convention has decided that there shall never be a divorce granted in South Carolina for any cause. Senator Tillman did his best to have the divorces of other States recognized in this State, but his appeals were heard with a deaf ear and he was voted down.

## Not Guilty.

In the Circuit Court yesterday the jury in the case of the Republic of Hawaii vs. George Houghtaling, for selling liquor without a license, returned a verdict of not guilty at a quarter to seven o'clock. Another case in which the informers got left.